

## **i look like all you need by ToAStranger**

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**Summary:**

Billy drops to his knees by the edge of the couch, catches Steve by the ankle, and tugs. Presses his mouth to the delicate jut of bone there and all Steve feels is teeth.

“You wearing these for me, baby?”

# i look like all you need

## Author's Note:

- For [thecopperkid](#), [brawlite](#).

Like, okay. So I know I should be writing some other shit, right now, or sleeping? But I'm ten kinds of fucked up and I gotta try and get this out. I'm in a fight with writing, which means I gotta slide a different skin on for a second.

Bare with me.

Anyways, this is dedicated and heavily inspired by the people I'm giving it as a present to.

“What the *actual* fuck are you wearing?”

Steve glances up from his phone, pint of ice cream balance on his chest, and like-- does he really have to *answer* that? It's kind of *obvious* what he's wearing. It's not anything *weird* or, like, fucking *unusual* . Sweats and one of Billy's stupid fucking metal shirts.

Billy drops to his knees by the edge of the couch, catches Steve by the ankle, and *tugs* . Presses his mouth to the delicate jut of bone there and all Steve feels is *teeth* .

“You wearing these for *me* , baby?”

And, yeah, *okay* , so-- like, the *heels* are new. But they're not for Billy.

Still, Steve bats his eyes, points his foot and feels Billy's fingers tighten. Because he knows a good chance to get laid when he sees one.

“ *Of course* , baby.” Steve says.

Billy's eyes narrow.

"Liar," he huffs, but he tugs Steve closer to the edge of the couch.

Like, fucking *manhandles him* , like he always fucking does when he wants to get off-- except, sometimes, when he doesn't and he's *soft* and *sweet* as shit, and Steve actually gets to *take care of him* the way he wants sometimes, and--

And it's not like they're *dating* . They just kind of live together, in their shitty apartment, and fuck sometimes. If Steve's only fucking Billy and Billy's only fucking him-- well.

"What are these for, then, *baby* ?"

"M'practicing," Steve says around a mouthful of Cherry Garcia.

"Oh?" Billy's hands are fucking *hot* , even though his sweats, up Steve's calves and hooking behind his knees to jerk him a little closer and spread his legs, so that Billy's kneeling between his thighs. "What *for* ?"

"Class."

" *What class?* "

And Billy should *know* this.

Steve's been fucking taking dancing classes for, like, *six fucking months* , okay? After his dad fucking keeled over and left him a bunch of fucking money Steve doesn't really know what to fucking do with and his therapist said he should *do* something like yoga or kickboxing or running, and instead Steve got fucking high and ended up sinking down into the vortex of bullshit that is YouTube. Stumbled across *Jade fucking Chynoweth* and thought he'd *die happy* between her thighs until he found out she was, like, *nineteen* and then he felt kind *gross about it* because *Dustin's* nineteen and, yeah.

Still.

He kinda kept watching her *anyway* because she was a fucking *talent* -- and, like, okay, there's *two* , or maybe *three* , things that get him

going. Talent is one of them. Making him laugh is another because it's fucking *hard* to do these days, unless he hasn't slept, and then it's *easy* but there's always a *big risk* that he'll end up crying instead. And then there's, like, this *feeling* . This feeling Steve can get looking at someone and just *know* they'd fucking *wreck him* . Kick his ass. Ruin him.

Billy kinda ticks off all the boxes, which is probably why it's so easy to ride his dick, but.

He's got *time* and he's got *money* and his *therapist said* he should do something. So. Dancing. It's, like, really good for him, or something.

Steve licks half melted ice cream off his spoon. Billy's pupils are dark. He's so fucking *easy* .

"You *know* what class."

"They got you dancing in *heels* , now?" Billy squints at him. "What's *next* ? A fuckin' *stripper pole* ?"

"That was last month."

Billy presses his face to Steve's thigh and *groans* .

"I fuckin' sucked at it."

Billy's laughing, shoulders shaking, and he's *biting* up Steve's thigh through the cotton of his sweats. Steve abandons his ice cream to the side table and lets his head lull back. Billy presses his face to Steve's belly and *breathes* .

"Like them?" Steve asks, digging the point of the heel into the jean at Billy's thigh.

Billy huffs, peering up at him, waiting until Steve looks back. His hands make a careful, gradual shift. Sliding under his thighs. *Squeezing* . Curving up under his ass.

Steve lifts a brow. *Waiting* .

Billy hates that. Bites at Steve's stomach through the shirt until the

muscles there twitch and contract.

He's *such* a fucking *fuck boy* . But that's chill. Steve's kinda a fuck boy, too.

"I'm gonna *fuck you* while you wear these," Billy says. "Gonna make you fuckin' *scream* , pretty boy."

Steve blinks, slow and languid, and grins even slower. "Yeah. Okay."

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Steve's voice is still rough and Billy's *still in him* and his feet *hurt* and his calves are *cramping* and he *doesn't care* . It's *so good* , Billy over him like this, eyes wild and smile wide as he rocks in *slow* . As Steve *whines* and his eyes roll back.

His toes curl and he kicks a little. Billy hisses.

"Easy, pretty boy." He says, breathless, chest red, sweaty and fucking *gross as fuck* , but Steve's too high on sensation to *care* right now. "How ya feeling?"

" *Faster* ," Steve bares his teeth, curls his fingers into the sheets above his head, arches like Billy *likes* , but it's *no good* -- not when Billy's like this, all fucking *determined* , to make Steve fucking *cry* because it's so good-- it makes him slow down *more* , angle his hips *better* , and grind in like he isn't making Steve's *entire fucking body* short out and spasm. " *Billy* --"

"Fuckin' love you like this," Billy says, curving down to press his teeth to Steve's throat, ruts *deeper* until Steve can *swear* he feels him in his fucking *gut* and that should be gross *too* , but--

But Steve's already come *twice* , and he's half hard again, and Billy's determined to ring him dry.

"Sayin' my name all sugary sweet, like that. *Begging* me--"

"I'm not fucking *begging* you--"

"Say my name like that again, baby." Billy says, with a pointed roll of

his hips, and Steve can't help it-- he can't *help it* --

" *Billy* ," he gasps, bucking, going tight enough to earn a grunt of a sound from Billy as he starts fucking in and out of him proper again.

"Billy, c'mon, just-- fucking *come* already, *fuck* --"

"And cut this pretty little performance of yours short?" Billy barks out a laugh, catches Steve's wrists when Steve goes to claw at his shoulders and back, and pins them down by his head as he *slides in* , slides *deep* , grinds into him like that with little flexes of his hips until Steve's jaw is hanging slut slack and he's gasping for breath. "But you're so *fucking pretty* , like this, baby."

And Billy keeps fucking him like that. Rides out another orgasm with him, *in him* , jaw flexing as he watches Steve shake apart beneath him.

Fucks him *through it* . *Beyond it* . Fucks him until Steve's eyes are burning and his lungs are burning and he's *thrashing*.

"Please-- *please, please* --" he's gasping, ears ringing, body *on fire* , and Billy shushes him and scoops him up all careful and sweet and kind and pulls him into his lap like that isn't *worse* . " *Billy* , please, *Billy* --"

"I got you, baby." Billy hisses, face pressed to the pound of Steve's pulse, just under his ear, flexing up into him in shallow bouts-- but he's so *fucking deep* , that it doesn't *fucking matter* , and Steve's head flops back as he sucks in breath after breath. "I got you. *Easy* , baby."

He keeps Steve like that, hands big and *hot* on his spine, until Steve can see straight again. He's sniffing, *wrecked* , and Billy's pressing kisses to his throat. Letting him cling and shake in his lap, *hushing him* , like he wasn't just telling Steve to *say his name* .

"Billy," Steve slurs, drunk and drugged on *bliss* , and Billy kisses his cheek. "C'mon. *C'mon* ."

Billy's teeth are bright and sharp when he shows them. He jerks up into Steve, makes him *sob* , makes him *yelp* and dig his fingers in at Billy's back.

“Where do you want it, baby?”

Steve sneers, head lulling over. “You’re so fucking *gross* --”

“Tell me where, sweetheart.” Billy strokes up his spine, fingers along the vertebrae, with one hand while the other finds his hips and drags him *down* as he ruts *up* -- and it’s not *fair* .

“In me,” Steve says, fisting a hand into Billy’s mess of curls. “ *In me. In me.* ”

“Fuck,” Billy grunts, bucks up one more time, two more times, *three--*

Steve cries out when Billy shudders and finishes inside of him. He feels *raw* . Feels fucking *bare* and *broken open* . Sobs and wraps Billy up in his arms as he rides out Billy’s orgasm.

“So perfect,” Billy mumbles, kissing over his shoulder. “So *good* -- so goddamn good, baby. *Fuck* .”

“Shut up,” Steve whispers, because Billy *knows* he hates that shit when he’s like this-- can’t *take it* -- even if he fucking *needs it* . “Shut the fuck up.”

“So good, baby.” Billy kisses his jaw, his cheek, his temple.

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Billy’s always kinder after. Like he got all the *angry* or *horny* or *hungry* out of himself. Doesn’t matter if it’s a quick fuck or something drawn out like this. Doesn’t *matter* .

Found out quick that Steve spirals if he isn’t *sweet*, after. Said he sucked at it, over and over, like he’s worried he *actually* broke Steve each time-- even if Steve didn’t tap out, even if Steve *loved* it-- like he’s worried all his hands know how to do is break things.

Steve kisses his palm as Billy tips his head up and makes him drink some water. Smiles, dopey and lazy, and flexes his feet without those *stupid heels on* with a quiet little groan.

“You good, baby?” Billy asks, settling next to him on the bed, tugging

him close and petting through his hair.

“My calves fuckin’ *hurt* ,” Steve says.

“Yeah,” Billy presses his mouth to Steve’s forehead. “Want somethin’ to take the edge off?”

And, yeah, okay, they’re *just fucking* and, like, *living together* and shit. But-- Steve *really likes* Billy these days.

“Nah,” Steve hums and presses his face to Billy’s chest, listens to his heart, tucks up against his side. “Just you.”

“ *Such* a fuckin’ princess, I *swear* --”

“Then you better be drawing me a fuckin’ *bath* , later, fucker--”

“Yeah,” Billy says, and Steve can feel him grinning. “Yeah, baby, *okay* .”

### **Author's Note:**

Shit I listened to while writing this fucker:

Ty Dolla \$ign - Or Nah ft. The Weeknd, Wiz Khalifa  
& DJ Mustard

The Weeknd - Often

Childish Gambino - Redbone

2 Chainz - It's A Vibe ft. Ty Dolla \$ign, Trey Songz,  
Jhené Aiko

Post Malone - Psycho ft. Ty Dolla \$ign

The Weeknd - Starboy ft. Daft Punk

DJ Shadow - Nobody Speak feat. Run The Jewels

Daft Punk - Doin' it Right ft. Panda Bear

Glass Animals - Gooley

Troye Sivan - My My My!

Latch Feat. Sam Smith

DJ Snake, AlunaGeorge - You Know You Like It

Chet Faker - Gold

Flight Facilities - Down To Earth feat. Sam Rockwell